

Just Like Me

by Cassandra Blair

Category: Halloween

Genre: Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Jamie L., Michael M.

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-12-03 06:14:16

Updated: 2012-12-03 06:14:16

Packaged: 2016-04-26 22:29:42

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,944

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: When Jamie gets lost while trick or treating, she befriends a strange boy wearing the same clown costume. MichaelxJamie
AU

Just Like Me

****Author's Note:** Hello everyone, this is my first fanfiction. I came up with the idea for this little one-shot in class a couple of weeks ago and I finally decided to write it. The story takes place AU, but the setting is the same as Halloween 4. I hope you enjoy :)**

* * *

><p>"Come on, Rachel!" Jamie shouted from the driveway, waving the plastic pumpkin soon to hold her candy and fidgeting with impatience.<p>

"Just a second, Jamie!" Rachel Carruthers turned back to the girl's mother and father, who were standing by the family car. The mother, Laurie Lloyd, smiled gratefully at the dutiful babysitter. "Thank you so much for taking Jamie out tonight, Rachel. You're doing a real big favor for us."

Rachel grinned. "It's no problem. Have a good time at the dinner party, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd."

Laurie kissed her daughter. "Be a good girl for Rachel, ok Jamie? We'll be back after you go to bed."

"Goodbye, mommy! Bye daddy!" Jamie and Rachel waved at the car backing out of the driveway. Once it was out of sight, Jamie grabbed her babysitter's hand. The bright faced child gave Rachel an excited tug. "Let's go!" Laughing, Rachel followed her charge, walking briskly to keep up with her.

It only took a few seconds for Jamie to run up to the first porch right next to her house, with Rachel in tow. She rung the doorbell and held out her pumpkin. Her neighbor opened the door. "Trick or treat!" she exclaimed. Her neighbor, a kind old lady, chuckled at the sight. "Aren't you a cute little clown?" she said, smiling down at her adoringly. "What do you say, Jamie?" prompted Rachel.

"Thank you!" Jamie called as she took off for the next house. Rachel smiled and chased after her.

It didn't take long for the two to make the rounds to every house on the street, and soon Jamie turned the street corner. "Jamie, wait!" Rachel called, already panting from keeping up with the little girl, whose energy was supplied from adrenaline fueled by the excitement of Halloween night. Jamie showed no signs of being tired and was annoyed at the hindrance caused by her babysitter. She stopped to allow a frowning Rachel to catch up. "Don't just run off, Jamie! Your parents told me not to let you out of my sight!" Jamie sighed with impatience, but her expression showed that her apology was sincere. "I'm sorry, Rachel" she said. Rachel took her hand and smiled. "Lead the way, kiddo." As Jamie continued down her path, walking deliberately at a more relaxed pace, Rachel thought to herself "She's a good kid."

They met a group of kids along the way, whom Jamie recognized as her classmates. Jamie stiffened a little, recalling that one of the boys in the group had sometimes bullied her. But she was beaming when the boy lifted up the mask of his Frankenstein costume and complimented her. "That clown costume is really cool! You wanna trick or treat with us?"

Jamie looked up to Rachel for approval.

"Go on," said Rachel, giving Jamie's hand a squeeze. Jamie ran up to the house with the group. It was the Sheriff's house. One of the kids rang the doorbell and the group said in unison, "Trick or treat!" Kelly Meeker, the Sheriff's daughter, opened the door to greet the children. She wore an extra large t-shirt but no pants, leaving little to the imagination. Her smile faded and her blood ran cold when she saw who was with her.

Kelly glanced at Rachel as the kids retreated, still smiling. "Hey Rach."

Rachel said nothing, just turned away to follow the kids.

Brady, the boy with Kelly, ran after her. "Rachel!" he shouted, grabbing the teenager's shoulders. The two argued as Jamie watched, glancing from them to the group. She wanted to go with the group, but Rachel had told her not to stray from her sight.

"Hurry Jamie, come with us!"

With a last fleeting look at the couple, who were in a fight, Jamie turned back to the group. "Ok," she said, running after them.

Jamie was lost.

She was having fun with the group, trick or treating with them and filling up her pumpkin with candy, so much to the point where it got

so heavy she was afraid the handle would fall off. The other kids in the group had gone home at different points, some when they reached their house, others getting picked up by their parents, until Jamie was the only one left. It was then Jamie realized just how much trouble she was in. She was alone on a strange street with no idea where she was or where to go. The streets were deserted; there were no more trick or treaters. Panic began to set in, the girl's overreactive imagination fueling thoughts of monsters that only came out at night, demons that kidnapped little children when they were alone.

A gust of wind whipped through, making the leaves and branches of a bush rub against each other. The paranoid girl whipped her head around, half expecting to see a monster of some sorts. There was nothing.

"Rachel, is that you?"

No answer.

"Is that you?"

Still none. Jamie's heart beat fast in her chest. She turned the corner and looked up at the street sign. The sign read Lampkin Lane. She felt a twinge of relief; at least she knew where Lampkin Lane was. Hurrying along the street, she suddenly stopped in her tracks about halfway down, her mouth agape in surprise. Sitting on the porch of house number 45, illuminated by the glow of the porch light, was a young boy. She sighed in relief and ran over to the boy.

"Hi!"

The boy, seemingly lost in his own thoughts, jumped in surprise.

"Can I stay here on your porch for a while?" Jamie asked.

He just stared at her.

"Please?" she begged. "I lost my babysitter while I was trick or treating!"

It took a few seconds for him to reply. "Ok," he said quietly. Jamie took a seat on the top step. The boy had sandy blond hair and looked about a year younger than her, although she was so small for her age they were about the same height. The first thing she noticed when she sat down was that he was wearing an almost identical clown costume. "You're dressed up as a clown too!" she exclaimed, adjusting her sitting position so that she was right next to him. He felt weird having her so close, but he didn't move or respond to her statement. Jamie was oblivious to his discomfort. "You're just like me" she said. He frowned, tilting his head almost inquisitively. Jamie didn't seem to be bothered by this lackluster reaction. She asked "What's your name?"

"Michael," he answered shyly, staring down at his feet. Although Michael didn't show much emotion, this prompted Jamie to continue. Noticing the empty pillowcase that lay clutched in his hand, she asked "Did you eat all of your candy already?"

Michael stared at her and slowly shook his head. "No," he answered.

Now Jamie frowned. "Where's your candy, then? Didn't you go trick or treating?"

A look of sadness reflected in his blue eyes. "No. My big sister Judith was supposed to take me, but her boyfriend came over and she told me to wait here."

"Why didn't you go inside?" asked Jamie.

"She and her boyfriend were making out and stuff."

Jamie made a face. "My babysitter makes out with her boyfriend a lot. I think it's gross. They were having a fight though..." she felt a lump in her throat, remembering how she got separated from Rachel in the first place. She shook her head to clear it from her mind. "Soâ€¦you never went trick or treating then? Never got any candy?"

Michael shook his head.

Jamie held out her pumpkin. "Do you want some of mine?"

He hesitated for a moment, then reached out and took a chocolate bar. Jamie set her pumpkin down and smiled sweetly, watching Michael carefully unwrap the candy. She herself began to work on a sticky piece of taffy. Michael nibbled on the edge of the chocolate bar gratefully, watching Jamie out of the corner of his eye. He had no friends as he didn't talk much, so most kids his age never really bothered with him, more or less (cute) girls. He decided that he liked Jamie. A lot.

Rachel hurried down the empty streets of Haddonfield, her eyes darting back and forth. Her hair was all sweaty and she felt hot and gross, but her panic overrode those other feelings. A pit of dread had formed deep within her stomach when she had realized Jamie had gone off by herself with the group. That feeling had enveloped her when the streets had emptied and Jamie was still nowhere to be found. "Jamie?" she called for the umpteenth time. No reply. "Great Rachel, just great." What if she couldn't find Jamie before the Lloyd's came home? This was all Brady's fault-

No. It was her fault. If she had been paying attention instead of wasting her time on that idiotâ€¦if the kids had been her first priority and not her mess of a love lifeâ€¦

She froze as she neared the corner leading to Lampkin Lane. She heard voicesâ€¦a little girl's voice. Turning the corner and catching sight of two small figures sitting on the front porch of a house, relief washed over Rachel. "Jamie!" she called again, running toward the house.

Jamie stood up. "Rachel?" As Rachel neared, she raced toward her, arms outstretched. "Rachel!"

Rachel met the girl's embrace, hugging her tightly across her chest. "Jamie! Don't ever run off again!" Jamie looked up at her, tears

beginning to pool in her eyes.

"Oh Jamie!" she hugged her again. Taking in Jamie's exhausted demeanor, Rachel gave her hand a squeeze. "Come on Jamie, let's go home and get you to bed."

Jamie broke away from Rachel and went back to the porch to get her pumpkin. It was only when she got there that she realized Michael had disappeared. "He's probably gone on inside," she thought to herself.

As she walked away, she spared the house one last glance and was surprised to see the masked face of a clown staring at her from an upstairs room. Recognizing the person as Michael, she smiled happily and gave him a little wave before she and Rachel disappeared from his sight.

Michael watched from his bedroom window as Jamie left with Rachel, who he assumed was her babysitter. He didn't want to stick around for her questions, which he knew she would have. He wondered about Jamie, though. Michael bet she went to the same school as he did. Maybe if he saw her again, he would say hello.

He knew she saw him standing in the window and was pleasantly surprised when she waved to him. Smiling beneath his mask, he waved back at her retreating figure, not sure if she saw it. Maybe she will be his first friend.

* * *

><p>Well, that's it! I hope ya'll liked it! :) I know this fic is far from perfect, but please review it and tell me what I should do to improve my writing. Thank you for reading!

End
file.